



Besides hating hockey, Marie spends her time as a top-flight model, singer and dancer. And all of this talent is neatly packaged into 5'4" of 37-23-36!





In short, Canada offers you a simple passport the least first nation seeking the development for the preservation of your life. There is no more feeling ancient spirits for any man or woman in higher entrance and a little more of the life.

It is a loose Cornish writing. D.D. continues to imply only treatment of the material of interest to her but the content has gone wide. It is an additional case of a graduate student's interest in the topic, thereby compensating for a note less full of her in *Belshazzar*. D.D. is a highly talented and apt. A Cornish folk song about the potatoes growing up in her house followed her to a conference in Berkeley. D.D. is

[illegible]

Hint to Readers

Readers should read carefully and attentively to avoid misunderstandings and to ensure that the information presented is accurate and reliable.

[illegible]

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"Gee, I'm sorry, but it looks like you were overexposed."

MAN ALIVE



"That's never gone where I've been."

medicine man



VACATIONS... ...hvacies simple tricks that may let you take a vacation anywhere—anytime—without getting yourself killed or injured. At any rate, the chances of an accident will be greatly reduced. The trick is simply this: Don't think of your vacation as starting when you arrive at your destination, but rather as starting the moment you leave your house. It's being in a hurry to get to the place "that's your vacation" supposedly "relaxing" that causes most vacation highway accidents. Trying to cover too many miles in one day results in fatigue

danger. You'll be surprised how much foot fatigue can be removed in this way, even after breaking the teeth thoroughly. If dental care is unobtainable, a clean shoe rubber band is a good substitute.

CARBONATED WATER... ...discomfort caused by an acid stomach can be relieved by taking carbonated water. This does not diminish the rate of acid secretion, but it does help in emptying the stomach faster, thus reducing the total amount of acid the stomach contains.

SHAKING MANNERS... ...among the most frightening consequences of long-protracted consumption of alcohol is the condition called delirium tremens. Delirium tremens and a sore skin drinking has created the danger point. Symptoms come on quickly over a period of two or three days, usually during or immediately after a heavy binge. At first, sleep becomes broken, appetite is lost, and intolerable hallucinations develop.

Moderation or total abstinence are the only cures. Control the bottle or it controls you.

GOING TO BED... ...Don't make a fine thing out of it. Everything must be "just so," bed linen changed, ear plugs inserted, slippers to stay tight and so. You're meant to relax to enjoy a good night's sleep. Those who fall asleep as soon as their head hits the pillow, rarely think of such precautions. They are relaxed and could sleep anywhere. If you're suffering from insomnia, the only real way to cure it is to eliminate the cause of nervousness and tension.

WONDER DRUGS... ...Every one ought to know that the new modern synthetic drugs are often potentially dangerous because they act by weakening some important chemical reaction in the body, or they imitate the action of certain nerves. Always discuss the use of these new drugs with your doctor before testing yourself.

FEVERS CAN BE FRIENDLY... ...When you have a fever, do not be in a hurry to take medicines or give standard rules to follow. It is a natural way of fighting off forces to get rid of an invasion of germs or viruses. When there is a fever the body is able to speed up the manufacture of antibodies



sometimes instead begins to fall away at the wheel. When good judgment is gone, the reflexes dangerously slow. The faster you go, the less chance you have of surviving a crash. Drive every hour get out of the car and stretch. This will keep you refreshed and better equipped to avoid mishaps.

CLEAN TEETH... ...the next time you go to the drug store get yourself a package of dental floss. Use mastic how often or how thoroughly you brush your teeth, the bacteria of the toothbrush rarely are able to penetrate between all the teeth. Perhaps it food trapped there causes bacterial decomposition, and that's where most cavities form. Dental floss quickly and completely removes this life of food, thus helping prevent tooth



Frightening diseases occur, and often wake the victim from sleep. Fever and convulsions resulting are common. The "DTs" is nothing to joke about. The effect on the victim as well as on those who live with him is little short of tragic.



to fight the unwanted invasion. The best itself is often something the germs can't stand. Fevers also give doctors a chance to recognize their diagnosis because of characteristic temperature patterns. ■

GIVE A DAME A GUN AND SHE'S A KILLER!

by BOB ALPERT

Dressed in sequined, silver, the dress of Delaney was dark, and had a wide, gleaming belt that was close with the drape and lace of thousands of minuscules. At the combat point of the French Foreign Legion slung its way, way through the back, as-
fessed and, they hardly believed to stop the slapping
swords away. For they had a greater reason to worry
down—already they had heard the talking drums of
the King of Delaney. As the drums thrilled and beat
through the field out, sending a message from tribe to
tribe that told of the black King's wrath at the invasion
of the white French tribes, the Legionnaires hardly
knew whether they would have to face such warriors
or the blood-thirsty female hordes of Delaney.

Some of them hardly cared, for they knew that if the
dark-skinned women did not get them, the yellow fever
and malaria carried by the mosquitoes would. And still
the drums beat on, leading. Continued on next page

The zho-devils of Delaney defied their ancient lord against
any and all who were foolish enough to try to take it away
from them — and that included the famous French Foreign Legion!



GIVE A DAME A GUN AND SHE'S A KILLER!

by ROY MARVIN

Dance in equatorial Africa, the forest of Delomay was dark. And hot. A moon, streaming here that was alone with the dense and late of thousands of mosquitoes. As the combat ended of the French Foreign Legion slipped its weary way through the dark, unfettered mud, they hardly bothered to slay the stinging insects away. For they had a greater concern to worry about—namely they had heard the rolling drums of the King of Delomay. As the drums thundered and beat through the field out, sending a message from tribe to tribe that told of the Black King's anger at the invasion of the white French forces, the Legionnaires hardly knew whether they would have to face pale warriors or the blood-thirsty demonic hordes of Delomay.

Some of them hardly cared, for they knew that if the dark-skinned women did not get them, the pale boys and men would be carried by the mosquitoes. And still the drums went on, beating. (Continued on next page)



The she-devils of Dahomey defended their ancient land against
any and all who were foolish enough to try to take it away
from them — and that included the famous French Foreign Legion!



these persons (besides the great police master the Legationnaire thought of Paris and some maybe a few even thought of Louis Napoleon), Napoleon the Third, whose hat let the gold and ivory of Delahanty and sent them into these menacing dark countries.

To the African natives, Napoleon III was a Europeanizing white man with a polished beard, a friendly stranger who had said to his soldiers, white officers, from the desert lands in the North to the people of Delahanty. They meant to take the various phrases and the smiles and the suppers and the They meant to drive the people of the town from their houses. All were gathered to fight the white savans. They that who killed would have the work of the King.

In the city of Fez, a few thousand miles to the North and his European police further removed from the White Age, a mild-mannered man, with only a hazy idea of just where Delahanty was, might have stated the same differently. Louis Napoleon had barely stated a claim to the red Congo basin after having reports of the suffering case of the British-American explorer, Henry M. Stanley. All the world believed, eagerly to Stanley's reports of a vast land filled with rubber trees, ivory and diamonds! King Leopold of Belgium had sent a mission to ride the Congo valley. Stanley had merely grabbed a sketch of the safe, one coast near the mouth of the mighty Congo. Nobody bothered to ask the simple King of Delahanty what he thought about such assertions.

Delahanty was an unobtrusive ruler of the slave-trade slaves before the time of Christ (slaves from Europe had found the weathering Gulf of Guinea a happy lot improved, First, the Portuguese, the learned French missionaries and traders of the Mediterranean had established trading posts along the Delahanty coast. Later on, Romans, Moors, Portuguese and Spanish sailors had marked the coast for "Black Ivory" to sell to the slave markets of Europe.

It was the Portuguese who thought of utilizing the help of local African. With Ken and Enke warriors guiding them they secured the vital streams of the Coast for colonies, to take the native slave hunters and developed their European business. From the slaves were able to drive another movement along the Congo Coast and purchase slaves elsewhere.

The slave-trading ships got off to the unknown end of their African voyage. As the Atlantic colonies started looking for the services of the chiefs in order to reach their plantations in Virginia and the Caribbean, the competition became fiercer.

Soon there were relatively few African nations along the Coast. The slave-trading chiefs had only one other source

of supply. They started selling each other it was somewhat like the gray-hair dog and the silver set of Eugene Plant. They were selling each other.

Then a sea-trading slave took the chief of the Delahanty coast and made a deal. He would furnish the chief of Delahanty with a new gunboat. In exchange for these slaves from the interior he would trade the chief something better than the cheap iron and copper were the other slaves offered. He would furnish him with something that was not only valuable, but that would not make his job easier. That night he introduced six slaves of value and the Kingdom of Delahanty was lost.

Again with transatlantic trade the Delahanty not only sold off their native competitors into slavery, they managed to give the master of the African continent, from the slave camps of Virginia were being furnished with strange nations or just had some kind of value. Slaves from Lake south, even the from Mass from the heart of Africa were being sold to the slave docks of Charleston and New Orleans.

The native tribe, with their little horsemen and spears, could stand up to the white fire of the Delahanty. The civilized King of Delahanty wasn't content to rest on his position as the richest and most powerful chief in Africa.

His slaves commanded a better price than his cattle. He could stand up to the white fire of the Delahanty. The civilized King of Delahanty wasn't content to rest on his position as the richest and most powerful chief in Africa. His slaves commanded a better price than his cattle. He could stand up to the white fire of the Delahanty. The civilized King of Delahanty wasn't content to rest on his position as the richest and most powerful chief in Africa.

A woman arrived with a note was more than a match for the Niger river with a spear. And she wasn't worth as much to the slaves. With his sword to launch the King of Delahanty he had found a kingdom of dark Africa. The idea worked as well as he had expected. The girl just seemed to have a substance in though they'd been born with a backbone in their hand.

Each African was used a slightly made but deadly trade sale. There were things hidden secretly, perhaps, in Belgium. The trade was an unguessed tale of crime and it was turned to Brussels and its coast length was wrapped with brass was to keep it from splitting under the expanding pressure of the longed-for lands of black powder the Delahanty preferred. The ammunition might be one or two hundred copper of lead balls or the most deadly "boiling shot." This "work" was a three-foot piece of wood with a length of steel dagger would be the first six inches and terminated in a

steel point. The charge was contained inside with an improved arrangement and the shot was fired out of the mouth. It would stop in a instant and it often did. The Delahanty spent a profitable side line in ivory.

By the time of the late Delahanty King, M'Kopp II, the slave trade had died down. The British continued slavery in the 1800's and the recently fought War Between the States had dealt it a final blow. But M'Kopp's predecessors had shipped over 7,000,000 African natives into their houses and sold their life savings. No estimate is even possible of the number who were killed. But only were these countries on the trading shore. In accordance with common belief, slaves, all of the spot and others were taken on the spot. Thousands died in the grueling march to the Coast under the gaze of the Delahanty Amazons. Many more were starved or left dead when the slaves refused to buy them for one trifling item or another.

The cross of traffic in human misery had left the Delahanty with European trade was still a profitable project. The stocks of M'Kopp's kind, a certain measure usually put together with two hundred, were made of solid ivory brought in by the various women.

Gold and rough diamonds abounded in the streams of the rivers. The Delahanty used the trade in both heavily. Thus he was able to keep his army of Amazons well-supplied with gun and powder. From his headquarters near the mouth of the Congo, the King of Delahanty ruled a mighty empire larger than that of the French Emperor Napoleon III.

The last French officials who informed the Majesty M'Kopp that his kingdom was now a French colony were captured. The second group who challenged the King's dominion were executed and their heads adorned the gate-posts of the Royal Palace. Clearly through Louis Napoleon, with courtesy would come accordingly, in 1848 "Le Legion d'Honneur" was bestowed on the Congo Coast to show the Delahanty who was king.

It was a small French Frigate, under Louis Napoleon, was in busy company. Usually in a commercial harbor on the coast. There was the highest expedition to Mexico where Louis' troops, the Emperor Maximilian, was being loaded with a Mexican political party named Benito Juarez. The Legion was fighting its way through was with the Alghiers in North Africa. And a man named Bonaparte was getting ready to attack Louis and by sending the Frigate away from beyond the Blue Sea. Feared.

One day a regiment of French Foreign Legionnaires was all armaments. France could spare. It wasn't enough.

The first patrol penetrated only a few miles in from the weathering coast before it ran into the warm waters of

Dahomey!

In a clearing by the muddy banks of the Mono, the bearded Africans stood as if on parade and waited. They wore no covering head of traditional wooly garbina headdresses. In years to come other African nations would learn to shave the white men from behind. But not the Dahomey women.

In full battlearray they stood as lines on the edge of the huge clearing. The men glowered on their arched bodies and gleaming copper ornaments. Officers wore the tail of a leopard, wrapped around their naked waists. The others stood motionless except for their copper necklaces and anklets of copper. Over the years a standard of physical strength had been reached. Most of the girls stood as fast as men and were lean and hard from rigorous training. Their heads were often shaven in a crescent, leaving a band of money fat or wooly leather. Each was armed with a rifle, an elephant-bale shield, and a long machete-like fighting knife the decorated "tongue".

As the morning passed warily we saw the open space before the river the women stood their ground. The Legionnaires found out and found of a skirmish line. With their spears they marched forward. They could hardly believe their eyes. Before their eyes, they'd been looking on the Dahomey women of course. First it seemed weird to them to be observing so naked women with only one.

Opening the battle-sides the French troops came on. The Dahomey women didn't show their amazement. Their leader looked on calm. Without changing their weapon positions, the only but deadly hand-to-hand were lost. The line of Africans settled their guns against their shields and fired point-blank at the French.

There was a deafening volley. A score of suppressed rifles. Two (near) "bloody" cries, "cried" against the clearing. Most of them were obviously wounded. But they lived on. A massive number of them. Enough to face the French command with heavy.

Every last that was left were down. The heavy machine had tremendous striking power. The incoming troops, less than two-thirds of the original force, fired wildly and blindly into the heavily diked of dense woods cut by the thick ground. For a few moments the battlefield was broken under a dense fog of powder. Then, changing wildly through the smoke, and across by the bushes, the Dahomey women came running.

Formerly the Legionnaires pumped lead into the naked brown bodies of the savages. There was no stopping them. On they came like a wall of vengeance. The only men who lived in all the tale of that battle day were few of the women men each who turned tail and ran

like hell. The others were not there in the last man.

A stronger French force set out the following week to sweep them out. They found along the trail were the carved-up and inflamed bodies of their comrades hanging by the limbs. Every man had been dismembered and mutilated. The situation had been used to tie up the bodies.

In vain the idea of the last expedition force searched for the Dahomey headquarters. Finally the men and came out in and last the jungle came an impossible response. The French command decided to call off the company of Dahomey for another year.

But next year's expedition never came off. The French had more than enough trouble to keep the Legion busy elsewhere. The Africans had seemed as much as their western border and ordered the French out of their neighbor, Sierra Leone. Napoleon pulled back the troops from the western hemisphere. The Monrovia order forced them that Monrovia and expelled out Louis' dream of a French Empire in the Americas.

The Algerian and Libya continued fought and chased down the French out of the vast Sahara. Then, before poor Louis Napoleon could get set for another try at Dahomey he made the mistake of invading us in France. It took the Prussians nearly one summer to beat the French. Napoleon declared a humiliating peace and the French people decided they had had about enough of the Bonaparte family. The movement against by their setting up the Third Republic made them larger about Dahomey for a while. Then, in 1893, the Belgian ruler in the Congo Basin was recognized by Great Britain and other powers. Finally the French prepared to grab whatever was left along the coast. Old maps were dug out and studied. Again, the Legion prepared to get Dahomey the land of production.

Among the cultural experts to the west part of Africa, the French introduced the Lohé life. It was a full-scale 1870 repeat copied after the German model. The French had ample cause to remember. For at times, it was a good weapon. Some in fact, were even used in the last World War. Nobody worried much about the local life of the Dahomey women. Even if they were lost, one volley of rapid fire from the new Lohé would make short work of them. They couldn't have been more wrong.

Again the war drums rolled and lead in the dripping equatorial rain-forest as the Legionnaires stopped along the sticky trails. This time they knew where they were going. French and Belgian explorers had mapped the African interior at the risk of their lives. The French explorers this time was the very stocks of the royal village.

FOR FOUR DAYS the French marched in from the Coast as the natives taking drums raised their angry voices in defiance. On the fifth day the French came to a deserted village. At least they thought it was deserted. The only Dahomey had in the advance wrote slip through supposed as they could although the men here.

The time a mixed group of warriors, women, and male children from the local indigenous reached the invaders. At the indifference of Legionnaires walked out into the open the Dahomey fled from the edge of the jungle and stopped. The French left into a dense area pastures in the village square. Marked by their people had into the surrounding forest. Naked men and women swarmed as French bullets were not born through their arched bodies. The women walked in the playing day and died like him as the desperate Legionnaires fired their smoking Lohés until the French were too hot to touch. And still the Dahomey charged!

The incoming women came had to jump high in the air to clear the rain line of ropes piled around the French position. As they leapt wildly against the sky, their dark bodies made all-murder targets. The incoming French had together all about them set by now. It was either-orbit them clear between their leaping breasts-to die with a pump embedded in your skull. The bloody ring of copper bodies grew close as two women made it as far as the French position. One body crashed recklessly into screaming women's faces. Crying Legionnaires drove cold steel into the waist-to-vent female chest. No mercy was asked or given as the French Prince Legue crashed the Dahomey onslaught.

At last the field cleared and lying. The warrior women fell back and the clearing was still left for the attack of the drop. The Legionnaires stood at each other in mute horror. The corpses had come on a constant basis. Right now had less than three months of ammunition left.

Not stopping to hear they died, the Legion columns fell back. Their war cry partly was never heard from again. Fortunately for them that last have been found grazing over the outskirts of the palace walls there. The soldiers of war hadn't left any idea but many of them had European war.

The almost five years the struggle by the Congo Coast continued. There was one pitched battle after another along the jungle trails. The conduct of the war had become a national disgrace. The Legion's reputation was under fire. If they couldn't handle a mere handful of naked savages, female warriors at that, appeared the French command, what good was the Legion?

Then the French imported another medical improvement. It was a device the British had found very effective in India. It was called the Gatling gun.

[Continued on page 477]

SEX-HUNGRY WOMEN--WHERE TO FIND THEM!

REAL MEN

**HE BET HIS BABE
IN A POKER
GAME--- *AND
LOST!***

An average young wife says:

**"I WENT TO BED
WITH A LEZ--JUST
TO FIND OUT
WHAT IT'S LIKE!"**

**GIVE A DAME A
GUN AND SHE'S
A KILLER!**

**THE CURSE OF THE
JUNGLE TREASURE--
IT WAS REAL--BUT
SO WAS THE GOLD!**





Next time you're in the mood, try the waterfront. Don't have a boat? Nobody cares—least of all the swinging chicks!

SEX-HUNGRY WOMEN--WHERE TO FIND THEM!

by GENE CHANNING

THE MANAGER of the yacht club was fit to be tied. He'd had a hell of a day. Everything had gone wrong—just everything. The new club had just been repaired yesterday. The captain at the bar was looking about the main behind the minibar. He kept getting the drinks wrong. The charter business went up an inch over something unaccountable and was losing rats. It was the height of the season, but a third of the place stood empty. He heard the phone ringing, but was so wound up that it just didn't seem to ask who was calling.

"Hello," he snapped. "O'Carroll here."

"Quickly, let me speak to Miss Henderson, please—"

"Just a moment. I'll have to call her."

Please do.

The caller had a noticeably sweet voice like a woman who was used at the world, but the otherwise polite manager didn't notice. He went looking. He should've stuck his head in a pickle jar, according to all reports. Henderson was at the yacht club all right, but with the wrong woman. Not only was she the wrong woman, it seemed that the damn boat was going to Henderson's wife! The gal on the other end of the phone who did the calling heard a pain knock

VIDEO

"Mrs. Henderson speaking? Can I do something for

you—my husband is outgassed!"

"Is that so?" said the real Mrs. H.

"Why, yes," murmured the startled passenger. "Who at this?"

"Mrs. Henderson?" exclaimed the wife caller. "And as soon as I get there I'll throw back your cheating skull!"

Whereupon she and Mrs. Henderson hung up, and the real Mrs. Henderson got her so-called husband the hell out of the yacht club by the scruff of his little neck. The pair of float lovers just did close the dock and board their yacht where the wife drove up as a cloud of dust. The air resounded with friendly-type warnings. Mothers were raised. Kitchens were thrown. Threats of anywhere (at least) and danger were heaped. And the poor, confused manager got caught squarely in the middle of the blast.

"You'll lose this my lawyer!" shouted the mother-in-law Henderson. "Don't you people think you're getting away with stuff like this?"

The matter is true. It happened a few seasons back at a well-known yacht club and was serious. They still talk about it, however, because it has happened several times since. To surviving managers: Water-front lovers—no underling team in the future who hang around popular waterfront places—come in all responsible shapes and sizes. (Continued on page 59.)



A couple of drinks and most of these chicks are ready for anything you may have to put up—and not completely free.

THE CURSE OF THE JUNGLE TREASURE--IT WAS REAL-- BUT SO WAS THE GOLD!

For centuries it had lured men to a cruel and agonizing death.
Finding the gold's easy—living long enough to enjoy it isn't!

By MICHAEL DUCHOWIS

ESTIGARRILLA IS nowhere. That's not really true. As a city in back country Paraguay it's really a nice enough place—if you enjoy being in back country Paraguay. It's a very convenient spot if you've got a particular pop for heading north into the jungle. It's a particularly delightful spot, if you've been in the jungle and are searching for an elegant, comfortable place to relax and recuperate. I could probably figure out a hundred good reasons why Estigarrilla is a wonderful spot, but let's get back to the opening line. Estigarrilla is no place. And there I was in Estigarrilla.

What was I doing there? Well you might say that I was having less bit of trouble in Bolivia and since the cops were looking for me along both the Paraguayan and Chilean borders, I decided that maybe I ought to take a quiet, back trail out of the country. Somewhere I ended up—much to everyone's surprise in Paraguay. It seemed logical at the time. But it, in Estigarrilla, ended—at least they don't say they started. And so, now I had a couple of thousands of what the Bolivians claimed were discarded coins, I thought I'd see whether the people of Paraguay might. (Continued on page 50)





GREET THE DAWN

Dawn Leasing's the name and she's just come into New York from Atlanta, Georgia!







GREET THE DAWN



23-year-old Dawn is
5'8" tall and is a
perfect 36-22-36!





Vera was stacked and I knew Frankie was a lousy card player.

I took him up on his offer—only I'm not sure who really won!

HE BET HIS BABE IN A POKER GAME--- AND LOST!

by WILLIAM
FRASER

It was even as I was discharged in Manila, the far end of World War II, I went into business with Charlie Brown, one of the Philippine Scouts who had been attached to our outfit. Charlie had a million dollars and knew of a ghost property we could get for a song. I had a hunch there were thousands dollars (I was playing poker in the last years between World and the Japanese war). There was this gang and there was even something left over for Brown and a big enough stake of our people to get to started. The property was right inside on the water front. There was a partly finished yet build my already on it. We found ourselves made our plan.

(Continued on page 44)





Ware was stacked and I knew Frankie was a lousy card player.

I took him up on his offer—only I'm not sure who really won!

HE BET HIS BABE IN A POKER GAME--- AND LOST!

by WILLIAM
PEARSON

As soon as I was discharged in Manila, the day end of World War II, I went into business with Charlie Flowers, one of the Philippine Scouts who had been attached to our outfit. Charlie had a million contacts and knew of a decent property we could get for a song. I had a little over eight thousand dollars I'd won playing poker in the four years between Pearl and the Jap surrender. That was the song and there was even something left over for flowers and a big enough stock of war goods to get us started. The property was right smack on the water front. There was a pretty loaded jet build my steady as it. We hired workmen, made our per-

Continued on next page



chance, put a sign over the door saying: "Philippine-American Bar & Grill," and those words later are worn in business.

Business was fine right from the very first day. But things between Charlie and me could have been a lot better. We'd gotten along great together in the barroom, but in business we rubbed each other the wrong way. The main problem was that Charlie put his heart and soul in the Philippine-American. I didn't. He spent all his time either behind the bar or standing around seeing that everything was going smoothly at the tables and booths. I put my head into the poker room in a while just so my partners could see I was still around, but I spent the major part of every day and night playing poker in the back room. It was the kind of work I needed the way another man needs food and drink.

"I can not watch everything at once," Charlie was in the habit of repeating to me. He was a little fellow; his height as a length of legs and very masculine. "Somebody must see that the barroom is not running from us. Somebody must stop them from lighting at the tables. Somebody must see that no one is using machines. We cannot afford to lose a machine and I cannot do it all by myself. Why are you always in the back room playing games instead of doing the work."

"Tell me better about it, tomorrow," Charlie. I promised him.

But that was a lie. I kept on playing poker and Charlie kept on getting more anxious and if he had had enough money, I'd have let him buy me out. But he didn't. So we were stuck with each other. He had realized the point where he was thinking about taking a job at me, the night Frank came in with the big blonde. Frank was a black-haired, strong guy who usually wore a bow tie and a pointed mustache but, I'd seen him around before but never with the girl.

"You're Frank, aren't you?" he asked, stepping up to the bar where Charlie was giving me out of his backings out. It was late then so he sat all alone and the music was beginning to die out.

I told him I was.

"I've got an idea for a game you might be interested in," he said. "Think of poker. Very unusual. Can we try it in the back?"

"Go by it staying out here and attending to business," Charlie shouted jumping between us. "There will be no more games where he should be working."

"Starting tomorrow," I answered him. "Everything looks under control here right now, anyway. I'd better go and check into this thing."

"We want only the best," said Frank, the girl and myself—it wouldn't have surprised me if Charlie had grabbed me over the head with a chair before I got there.

"You said that!" Frank announced when we were seated at the back and I'd closed the door.

"That's your second game!" I started. "It seems to me I've played it before."

"Not the way you haven't. You see I don't have any money," he said. "Not a cent."

"That's a game I don't play," I protested, starting to get up from the table. "It's against my religion."

"Lead me the money," he begged. "I'll see you the colored!"

"What?"

"The money is hundred and thirty one pounds," he explained. "Lead me two dollars on every pound of fat



What's wrong with that for a second deal?"

"What does she think about it?" I asked. "You are sitting on her lap and looking down over at us so the other as we conducted the conversation. The moment to find it all highly embarrassing. Is she going to people around that way? You know what you're suggesting, don't you? If I had your the money and you see a I get you."

"You say we have all about it," he said emphatically. "It's okay, not it is!"

"Just as long as Mr. Franchetti understands it," she moved calmly. "They were the first words I'd heard her say the was taking it so quietly, she could have been talking about your table."

"Understand what?" I said.

"That if you was her, she's really poor," Charlie said. He pointed at me, crossed her as he sat and suddenly there was a revolver pointing at me. The eyes looked wild. "No taking her out. You take her home. You find her—double her and see that she's comfortable. You take us



that responsibility?

"Walk up and down a runway, will you, Vera?" I asked.

She walked back and forth across the room and then sat down on Patrick's lap again. She was tall and built in a sort of super smooth shape and curves. Things lifted into each other perfectly. She smiled at me patiently and waited for my answer. Concha looked jealous.

"All right," I announced. "A hundred and thirty-two pounds at ten dollars a pound. That's thirteen hundred and ten dollars. I'll give it to you in chips."

I counted them out for her but she put the bank chips in front of myself and we started to play. It was a crime she gambled like a rock monster. The specialty was trying to fill cards straight. But he didn't make it once. Who does? It took him a little over forty minutes to shoot through thirteen hundred plus dollars. When I was bored that night, Vera went with me.

I was taking a little break for myself out around Road

Station. As soon as we from the Philippine-American. It had a bathroom, a living room, a kitchen and a place. I told Vera all about it so we were driving out there in the jeep.

"There too," she said. She had no luggage except for a notebook. She smiled at me and looked around with great interest as we drove along. She seemed like a nice dame. When we reached the house she announced that she was hungry. I told her that there were some things in the ice box and she promptly took off to make herself a sandwich.

It seemed to be my best play was to let her make the moves. When I'd been under the sheet a couple of minutes she came in smiling what was left of the sandwich in her mouth.

"Tastes good," she smiled. "Can I get you something?" I said I was hungry.

The back of her dress down and a pair of panties. It left her with nothing on.

(Continued on page 42.)

WHIP HIM TO RIBBONS

by LUKE HALDERD

Geart was sick—an animal who got kicks only through the pain and torture of girls!



THE sky was dark, except for a smeared line of red just over the western horizon when Jon Sketched made his leap down across the mesa rim toward the floor of the valley. He was a tall, angular man wearing dusty dungarees, boots, a gray shirt, a wagon jacket and a battered high-crowned hat. A steel-down pair of Peacemakers, holstered forward, rode his thighs. He had a brown-tanned, even-must looking face, dotted with two wary dark eyes. As the horse-placed leaper dove, the dusty slope the hardness of Sketched's face was relieved by a thin smile on his narrow lips.

As he rode he watched the wagon pulling into a circle for the night in the center of the valley floor. There were about a dozen Comanchos drawn into the circle, with a red blaze of fire shooting up in the middle. From the height of the slope Sketched could see maybe a couple of dozen people around the campfire.

He looked back at the mesa rim and for a minute he thought he saw three Shoshonas, three valley-rab cutthroats, about a mile to the east. They had jumped him high in the mountains before dawn, drove at them, a small war party. He touched the four drying scalp hanging on his belt and the smile on his lips grew tighter. He cupped a hand around his mouth and shouted in the direction of the wagon figures on the rim.

"Yellow-doves! Some of black dogs!"

So they couldn't hear him. He reached the valley floor and started toward the wagon at an easy pace. They had taken his grub but he had left fear of them with their people muscles cut and the blood streaming down their sagging dark coats of furs. They had taken his pain, too, because it had been a case of out-biding them and he couldn't do it lugging the six months' collection of pain. But he had taken four scalp. By God they would learn someday, maybe.

As he neared the wagon he untied the cook fire and the aroma of roasting meat. The dark hard sweat into his vision out of the gloomy shadows, and he caught sight of the herder, a big man, not over twenty-five or so,

Continued on next page

Geart brought the warble back down, opening on her soft back. Molly screamed but was too weak from loss of blood to let him from the mattress.





Whip

with little girl's eyes that watched him cautiously out of a dark hole. The man appeared toward Scarlett, who raised up. The stock barter reached him with a snarl on his thick lips. His hands, playing with the reins, were big as hams.

"Where on earth," the train pilgrim said, "the stock barter stand?"

Scarlett sat relaxed in his saddle. He didn't like the man's tone. "That's right. You planning to sit still?"

"That depends. What's your name and your business?"

"The name's Scarlett. My business is none of yours."

The big man jerked upright in his saddle. "You're pretty damn pretty, mister."

Scarlett's eyes were hooded still. "If you're speaking for a light, mister, I've got one ready-made in my eye. If you give me two more against one of mine or a hundred yards, or we can do it with horses, tell me, that's together." Scarlett's mouth curved in a smiling smile. "How long things? You figure to meet with me some more?"

The other man looked down. Scarlett saw, though, that he had made trouble for himself. He wanted to laugh.

"Now, I'm not speaking for anything, pilgrim. As yet. Ride on in. Somebody'll give you pain."

"Where you bound for?"

"The Salt Lake."

"What the hell of this city?"

"My pa." And the stock man wheeled his horse and drove it back toward the stock herd. Scarlett could see the man's eyes glancing blind from the horse to his foot and his hand on the stirrup. Crossing lightly Scarlett rode toward the wagon and into the shade.

He dismounted. In the freight he could see half a dozen or so women working at the cooking pots, with a few kids haggard at their heels. The men stood in small groups, talking. In that the horse in a wagon lunge at it of the conversation stopped. Scarlett turned, suddenly, on the far side of the circle, a face leaped out of him.

This was sitting on the high seat of the wagon, her hands folded on her knees. She had wheat-yellow hair and distant dark eyes and she was staring at him, the light color of her dress pulled back against her full breasts. Scarlett's stomach growled and tightened. The thin smile worked his lips and he touched his hat with one hand. People saw

A couple of the women looked backward.

This wasn't a train made up of friendly families, then. And it was obvious that the girl on the wagon seat, wearing the short-sleeved pink cotton dress, wasn't exactly a member of respectable society as the younger women defined it.

Scarlett had no time to watch the woman any more, because he saw a man coming toward him. The man was about forty-five, with a craggy face and wild, dark-brown eyes. He was dressed all in black. Scarlett saw a cold blackness leaping at his belt.

"Welcome, brother," the man said. Scarlett didn't like the peculiar bright look in the man's eyes, but the man appeared to be smiling and powerful, tall as Scarlett himself, and heavy.

"You know of this outfit?"

"Yes. There are my wagon and my geld in front there, by the Salt Lake. The children of Joel march through the wilderness."

Scarlett frowned. He gave his name.

"I'm called Abel Cugat. What's your business, brother?"

"What boy asked me the same. I told him I didn't concern him."

Scarlett's fingers went white as they gripped on the whip bit. "Speak with a soft tongue, friend. The devil takes in a loud voice."

"I wouldn't tell about that. I'm hungry for some grub and I don't figure to make out of here tonight. There's three thousand on my tail. I figure on riding the night."

"Showdown?" Cugat frowned.

"They won't bother you. There's only three of them."

Scarlett hesitated. "I've got to show him to make you welcome, according to the good book. But I don't say I care for the way you talk."

Scarlett was getting mad. "Well, keep out of my way, then, and you won't have to fight." He pointed toward the campfire.

"What a mistake!" Cugat took Scarlett's arm. Scarlett looked down at the thick hand of the man as black, then up into his eyes.

"Take that hand off."

Cugat laughed again. His neck muscled under the rigging. He eyes played on the bright light of the girl on the wagon seat. "A warning, brother. That woman over there?" Cugat waved his hand toward the girl on the wagon seat. "That's her, brother, of this world, a girl of the devil. I didn't know what we were in for from St. As the girl to turn her back, and that's told up. But that's all, a warning."

"I get the point," Scarlett said. He moved something ugly and vile about his big ugly nose in black and he didn't know what it was.

"I hear on the road of the devil's place where I live them," Cugat said heavily.

"I'll keep that in mind, too," Scarlett walked away from him.

Scarlett stood with one massive hand gripping the whip butt at his wrist. He looked his lips and looked at the girl on the wagon seat, who was staring blatantly back at him.

A woman by the fire offered Scarlett a plate of beans, hardtack and a tin cup of boiling coffee. He accepted it with thanks. The girl was still sitting on the wagon seat, watching him. He drank, deliberately, keeping his eyes on her. Over the rim of the coffee cup he saw her, thin one hand, slowly, and began to lean.

His stomach tightened again. A beam, relaxed feeling moved through his muscles there as he got down the coffee and walked toward her. She moved like stone in the twilight and she watched him with wary animal eyes. He looked against the wagon seat and looked up.

"You wanted to see me?"

"You," the voice, soft and heavy, started a crawling sensation on his spine. "What was he saying about me?" Cugat, I mean. I know he was talking about me."

"He said you were a tool of the devil, something like that." Scarlett gave her his best grin and smiled rapidly. "Look, the devil is tempting his sinners tonight, too."

But her hands were clamped together in a knot of white-knuckled hate. She stared over Scarlett's head. "The devil himself."

"You don't get along so well with the others. Get any friends here?"

She shook her head bitterly. "I can have a wagon—my money's as good as dead. But do you think they'll let me leave the country? Oh, I trust, the hell right out. God knows I wish they all walked away. These women—they make me sick like in their skins."

Scarlett leaned to look at the woman. Two women turned hastily back to the cooking pot. On the far side of the circle, Abel Cugat and his men were standing together, watching Scarlett. He turned his back on them.

"Apprentice I'm not very popular either. My name's Scarlett."

Her eyes ran across his shoulders. "Scarlett. That's a good name. Well, kind of. It fits you. I'm Molly Rawwood."

Scarlett, touched his hat again. "Miss Rawwood?"

"You know what I got, don't you?" she said bitterly. "If you ever around me very long, you'll have trouble with God. That stop of his—" She shivered. "Then she met his eye, badly. 'I got heaven out of St. As by the heaven.' I hated a man in the house where I worked. He was drunk and he tried to kill me. But I worked at a house, so I was my last and they ran me out. It's a pretty rough life, isn't it?"

"You've got to be on the good all the time," Scarlett said.

Molly Rawwood gripped to the wagon. "You take home."

"Yes, Scarlett."

"No," Ray eyes rested on him, deep and hot and intense. "And maybe not afraid to be seen with me."

"No, I take people for what they are, not what I want them to be. Come on." He reached his hand out.

"Where are we going?" She looked startled.

"Over there is the bus. Have you had anything to eat?"

"No, no."

"Come on," she insisted, her hand on her wrist. The flesh was warm and soft under his hard fingers. Reaching forward, she stood on the edge of the wagon seat and jumped, landing against him with a soft exclamation. Her breasts heaving against him. She caught herself on his arms.

"I could get along with you, Mr. Scarlett," she said.

"You wouldn't be so hard to take yourself?"

"Look, there's no sense your getting in trouble."

"I don't like that Garet or his last-invented son. Is Garet some kind of politician?"

"No." They walked toward the fire. Shouting expressions appeared on the faces of the women, who gathered their children around them and turned away. Garet had disappeared but the one was asked on the ground by one of the women watching them silently. "He's crazy, if you ask me. He's not a religious man. He just thinks hell were that whip of his word." She's a rich man."

Scarlett stopped at the deserted computer and poured her a cup of coffee from the pot. The deserted bottle heaving and bubbling and its steam swirling through the cooking air. He looked her up.

"I can't ignore Garet at all," he said.

She shrugged. The looks at me... like he wants me. But then he calls the other people that I'm a plain girl. Like I say I think he's crazy. That one of his, Daniel, is worse. Slipped as an in. I think he'd try to jump every woman in the name of it. I mean, for the hell of it. He told the rap in both his hands and drink. "And Garet himself got drunk almost every night. He's and nervous in his wagon, until all hours. Always shouting about DeLphany. He was in the war, I guess."

"A fine man," Scarlett said cynically.

Madly Rockwood looked at him. "Look, I don't pretend that I'm pure and holy. But Garet... Garet is a sick, I don't know why. But I feel it at least I try to be honest."

She said his eyes. "What, I enjoy, I enjoy."

"I imagine so," Scarlett said.

Now, Daniel, Garet's son, had slunk back into cover under one of the wagons. He was pretending to sleep but Scarlett knew the body was not working him and Madly. Otherwise the shouting was directed Madly took her hand. "Thanks for

trying to help. I'll be all right once that fire's over. I... I'll better get back to my wagon."

Scarlett shrugged. "That's real self," she walked close to him, her arm touching his, and he felt the warm wet heat of his body. He handed her up into the wagon seat and she looked down, her breasts pushing light against the fabric of her dress.

"I... I want to say thanks again," Scarlett looked at her. "Thank's better says than saying it."

A laughing, half-remembered light burned in her eyes. "Yes, yes, you're right." Reaching out, she touched his cheek. The fire sparkled through her fingers over his hand. She breathed hard. "I want a man again, Scarlett. I want a man."

"Where?" he said.

"Wherever my wagon, about five hundred yards, I think but I'm not sure you there in an hour. You're strong, aren't you, Scarlett? You look strong."

She laughed softly, her eyes like of steel as he saw. "Strong enough."

The hand moved to his hair.

She smiled and vanished into the wagon.

He turned slowly. Daniel Garet was still lying prone in the darkness under a wagon on the other side of the circle. Garet's mouth heaved. He didn't like the whip of his word, didn't like the hypocrisy of the people at the wagon table or the men looking to him as Alton Garet's son. He knew Daniel Garet had been watching them. He walked toward the wagon where the man was supposedly asleep.

As he turned the wagon he saw his lantern light on a shadowy shadow weaving back and forth inside the wagon. The shadow raised a bottle to his mouth. "He is a doctor and he's," came the wild chant of Alton Garet, "nervousness and corruption, and I am the strongest."

Scarlett drew his foot back and looked Daniel Garet hard in the side. The man's eyes were open and he tried to be invisible to his feet. Scarlett stamped on his belly, then back on his chest. He dug down on his belt, took out his knife and put his palm against Garet's neck.

"Now, then," he said strongly, "you'll go to sleep peacefully. I don't like to be watched."

Daniel Garet changed of him, held with both. "By God I'm going to get you."

Scarlett laughed shortly, stood up and put his knife away. "Just remember what I said. I can do you over and you'll feel very little of it. I hope it is true."

He turned his back on Daniel Garet and walked between the wagons, and into the darkness. He looked back once. Garet's silhouette could no longer be seen beneath the wagon, but two shadows were moved behind the wagon canopy where Alton Garet stood his drunken words.

Scarlett sat in gathering his leg with the stick. Then he took walking from his start, noted a smoke out at a. He continued around the circle of wagons and walked down to the little creek on the other side. The camp was growing quiet, heavy as often he caught himself looking back at Daniel Garet's wagon but there were no lights showing.

He hoped that Garet and his son would stay trouble. Scarlett wished his presence but getting it so he walked, fighting deep in the forest. The west had a lot of soft rain. The west and were thin whose leaves were soaked up under their heads. Scarlett rode a low trail, but when he crossed with one of the tallest trees — he a professional gun finger or whip-riding (scarlet) something more made him that made it a rich warm pleasure to feel the cool moisture of the rain and keep out the darkness and the fire doctors but the moon made the forest deeper where any rule was to not roughen over them who could not stand to spend them.

Reaching the creek, Scarlett hung his gun, took on a low tree branch, stepped and walked the dirt from his body. The sky was overcast, the moon hanging like a ghostly eye somewhere behind a misty bank of clouds. Night birds whirled and screamed in the sky.

Just as he slipped over his trousers with the water filling his skin in cold drops, he saw his come down the creek bank. He could hear his feet, heavy stepping, the checked water. "Hello," he called.

She came toward him and he took her shoulders roughly. She partially opened the button of her dress and he could feel her breasts straining against his chest. Her hair covered her neck in little clashing spaces. She ran her fingers down his wet shoulders. With one hand he grabbed at the collar of the dress... and pushed. She stood there, the material hanging loosely around her waist. She checked her way of it and watched his eyes pass over her body. Her naked body.

"You are a man," she whispered. "He has too long..."

Her was rising from her position on his side, when something in his voice struck warningly. She screamed, stretched out on the grass of the creek bank and Scarlett drove for his gun. A dark giant of a shape appeared over him, and he saw Daniel Garet, a large risk of rock in his hand. Nothing with-held on his feet. Garet brought the rock down and Scarlett's horse leaped like a cannon. He glided forward on his feet and Daniel Garet's hand ripped a steady round to his chest.

Scarlett slipped into his shirt. Madly Rockwood's high, lambskin skirt. The pistol-meat of a kinder...
(Continued on page 147)



**An average young wife says:
“I WENT TO BED
WITH A LEZ--
JUST TO FIND OUT
WHAT IT’S LIKE!”**



I never thought I'd swing both ways until the week my husband had to go on a business trip!

by RABBIT DILL—

I HAD ALWAYS known that my cousin Lorraine was a female homosexual, but it had never really bothered me. If I thought anything about it, it was a sense of surprise that such a beautiful, intelligent, vivacious, charming and happy woman could live a life of apparent completeness without men. For myself it seemed impossible. Sexual relations were something I relished and without a man, physical pleasure seemed utterly inconceivable. Yet my cousin Lorraine was always friendly and fun to have around. She was a first-rate companion to talk to, and a good pal in every respect. I never discussed her personal habits with her and she never commented on mine. It was better that way.

Yet there were times when I wondered about it, perhaps after a particularly difficult argument with my husband, or on, for opposite extremes, after a magnificent love session when lying back, content and totally satisfied my mind kept teasing as I tried to imagine what she could know that was anything like what I had just experienced.

If I did ask, nine times out of ten, she'd merely grin and brush it off with some light-hearted comment. There was a barrier that neither of us could really break through.

But on this particular day there was something different. My husband was away on an extended business trip and for some reason or another my own feelings of sex need and frustration were almost surface men. I was in the type of mood that leads many women into ill-considered pickup affairs, anything that will give some relief to a most basic requirement. I was ready to explode and I guess Lorraine saw it written all over me.

"Bad huh?" she remarked.

"You wouldn't know," I answered crossly. "You've never had a man. How could you understand what it's like to be without one."

"Why don't you tell me, then," she said softly. I was feeling just bristly enough to want to hurt, so I let go, all out, in the plainest four letter words I knew. I surprised myself. I didn't know I could reveal my innermost thoughts and emotions so unashamedly. I held nothing back from her and when I'd finished I was practically sobbing.

Lorraine just looked at me for a few minutes, smiling almost sadly, nodding her head. "What makes you think I'm so different?" she finally asked. "Don't you

(Continued on page 41)



"Bad huh?" she said as I started taking off my clothes & little later on I found out she was pretty good herself!

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being seen. There was substantial delay in the referral to state government of past, present, and future victims of sexual violence, and a preliminary report of the 1995-1996 survey found that the vast majority of rape victims are not being followed up with state police. There is the question of police officer bias. Police officers are more in favor of taking police or negative or subjective statements with more weight than victims' self-reports or statements. But how can the police and the courts be more effective in the future? The police and the courts are not the only agencies that can help. The CDC is doing surveillance, says the WHO. (CDC, Washington, DC, 2000; WHO, Geneva)

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STING BUYERS GUIDE '81

Philipine-American. I left while she was asleep, but I placed a note in my pillow bag saying she wasn't to worry. It's in both my ears and I can't!

Charlie was busy taking out a pile of checks when I got there and didn't see me come in. I spotted Frank Charlie immediately. He was drinking at the bar with a couple of friends. I went over to him. He didn't look nearly as nervous and jittery, the way he had when we were playing cards. He actually grinned when he saw me.

"Come inside," he said. "I suggested, 'I want to show you something.' He promised that he was Frank, but I doubted his story and he changed his mind. We went outside and around behind the building, so even as we reached a spot where we couldn't be seen, I let him over his ear. He went down on me and started to get up, but I let him again and told him he was that I let him back. When it looked as though he was thinking of leaving again, I sat down on his chest and we started on our conversation in that position. He let his back and his hands ran down with my hands running on his shoulders.

"Tough luck, I don't tell you," I moaned. "Why didn't you tell me about her problem? I can't spend the rest of my life between them. What can I suggest to do with her now?"

"The same thing," I said. "He said, 'That's how old Father passed her along to me and that's how he got her from someone else. It's been like that with her since she was a kid. She expects it. All she wants to be sure about, is that whenever she goes with some kid like me."

"You just give her easy to understand."

"Well, no," he explained. "That would hurt her. You've got to make it look as if you don't have any choice in the matter. It's a question of money or something like that every day. I give you that so she doesn't believe anything. But she really thing is not to do it in such a way that it will offend her. You don't want her to cry, do you?"

"No," I said. "I like the idea, but I agreed getting up of him. 'Give your man, Frank. It's Monday a little."

I went back into the Philippine-American. Barbara was great. The job was now moving away and the people were piled in to think you could hardly squeeze through. I tapped Charlie on the shoulder as I went past him and pointed to the back room. His name after me running a steady stream, in a voice that made it plain he'd finally been pushed too far.

I went to go back to the States. Charlie, I said nothing at all. "I had a colleague from home saying we're going to take the family business if I don't get back there with a bundle of

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CUNNILINGUS AND FELLATIO

to use a 10-point scale. The first two items were used in the previous study and the only item that requires multiple responses from an individual respondent is item 10, which asks the respondent to indicate how often they use the service.

An analysis of the two papers is a matter of finding a logic, a framework and terminology for relating different processes (and their factors) in a way that is consistent with generalised and specific knowledge of the system, and the way in which the two papers do this.

Building a new language requires a good understanding of the language to be replaced. Furthermore, the new language must be able to express the same concepts as the old language. This is not always possible, and the new language may have to be designed to express a subset of the concepts of the old language.

The Intimate Embrace

□ The Journal of Community Health, Vol. 12, is a journal dealing with the major issues of the community health field. It is published by the American Society of Community Health, 1001 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. For more information, contact the publisher.

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Further down, you will see the following text:

[illegible]

Over time, and through his increasingly more formal training, he became convinced that improvement in people's lives could come not so much from a more direct approach as from a more subtle one. He began to work on the "soft" side of the business world, and he has been successful in that area.

Abstract

These data were used to study the effect of the
1991-92 drought on the distribution of the dry season
rainfall in the region and to estimate the effect of the
drought on the distribution of the dry season rainfall.

[illegible]

It is a very common mistake to think that the only way to get a good idea of what a company is doing is to look at its financial statements. In fact, the financial statements are only a very small part of the picture. To get a good idea of what a company is doing, you need to look at all the information that the company has available to you. This includes the financial statements, but also the company's management, its products, its customers, and its competitors. By looking at all this information, you can get a much better idea of what the company is doing and where it is going.

FEMALE SEX EXPERIENCES

☐ There is a great deal of confusion among business owners about their tax status—both individual and corporate—and how it affects their business.

As a result, the company's sales are expected to grow by 10% to 15% in 1997, says a company spokesman. The company is also planning to launch a new line of products, including a new line of products for the home and office markets, and a new line of products for the health and fitness markets. The company is also planning to launch a new line of products for the health and fitness markets.

I applied to a well-known university with two previous college diplomas. I got 10 subjects, got myself accepted, and passed my exams. But none of them were related to a medical background, meaning that I was lacking the entire level of pre-medical background a university would expect.

UNUSUAL FEMALE SEX PRACTICES

THE JOURNAL OF *Advanced Oxidation Processes*

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 351–358

[illegible]

The following is a brief summary of the findings of the study. The results show that the proposed method is effective in detecting and localizing faults in the system. The proposed method is able to detect faults with a high degree of accuracy and to localize the faults with a high degree of precision. The proposed method is also able to detect and localize faults in the system in real time.

The data suggest a decrease in the number of deaths from stroke, probably as a result of improved treatment. However, 27% of stroke survivors still had a stroke within 12 months of the first stroke.

04/07/13 08:03 AM

There is the first full-length study of a philosopher of the 19th century, written by a leading American scholar. The book is a masterpiece of scholarship and style.

The paper features authors, as University of Georgia, who study trends in the future in the use of personal computers in the work of the U.S. business in the 1980s and 1990s. They are: William H. Dutton, Jr., and John H. Dutton, Jr.

The company story of an American source is far more dramatic, affecting far more than 100 million Americans. (We don't have to) recognize it, technology is changing a human world in the space of a few years. It is a world with a new and different technological requirement, of the type with which we are not even aware of dealing. And

Bestiality in Men & Women

[illegible]

One notable feature is that's presence in *Shogun* is all the more obvious, in some ways and in fact, as it brings greater knowledge of the world and of the way in which it is created and is changed. It is the same idea that the book has a historical context, which is the way in which it is created and is changed. It is the same idea that the book has a historical context, which is the way in which it is created and is changed.

As noted above, a large body of literature has identified the need for a system of care for children and adolescents with mental health problems. The purpose of this study was to explore the experiences of children and adolescents with mental health problems and their families in the context of a system of care.

Keywords

☐ We have not at any time been threatened with

There is another line of thought, however, that says that a certain amount of noise is not only not bad, but is actually good. That's why, for example, people who live in the city and are used to the noise of the city, when they move to the country, find it very noisy. On the other hand, people who live in the country and are used to the quiet, when they move to the city, find it very noisy. This is because the brain has a certain level of noise that it is used to, and when it is exposed to a different level, it finds it noisy.

There is a growing need to understand the impact of the environment on human health. This is particularly true in the case of children, who are more vulnerable to environmental factors than adults. The following table provides a summary of the key findings from a recent study on the topic.

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It costs a small fortune to get good facts. But you should be able to follow them. In this pamphlet, *How To Find Out Things*, you will learn how to find out things about people, places, and things. You will also learn how to find out things about yourself. And you will learn how to find out things about the world.

☐ **Do not print**

100

[illegible]

100

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

DIRECTORY OF ACTIVE CLUBS



For a complete and up-to-date directory of active clubs, please refer to the "Directory of Active Clubs" which is available for sale at a special price of \$1.00 per copy. This directory is published annually and is a valuable reference for anyone interested in joining a club or organization.

Barred in These Clubs You Will Be Glad You Did

There is a certain type of person who is barred from many of the best clubs in the city. This is the person who is not a member of one of the clubs listed in this directory. If you are not a member of one of these clubs, you will be glad you did not join them.

PRIVATE MAILING CLUBS Don't miss the chance to join one of the most exclusive clubs in the city. These clubs are open to members only and are not open to the public. If you are interested in joining one of these clubs, you should contact the club directly.

CLUBS There are many clubs in the city, each with its own unique character. Some clubs are open to all, while others are more exclusive. If you are interested in joining a club, you should first determine which type of club you want to join.

Men! Men! Men!

Why don't you join one of the many clubs in the city? There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you. Joining a club is a great way to meet new people and have fun.

MALE'S CLUB is about the size of a small room. It is a place where men can relax and enjoy themselves. The club has a bar, a pool table, and a comfortable seating area.

No. 101 East Street

YOU ARE LONELY

Are you lonely? Do you want to meet new people? Join one of the many clubs in the city. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you.

The CORRESPONDENTS are the people who write the letters in the "Lonely" column. They are all looking for someone to join with.

Oriental Girls

Are you looking for a new friend? Do you want to meet someone who is different from you? Join one of the many clubs in the city. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you.

Western, No. 120-A
London Street, Gold, 1940

DON'T BE LONELY

Don't be lonely. Join one of the many clubs in the city. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you. Joining a club is a great way to meet new people and have fun.

MEET NEW FRIENDS

Meet new friends. Join one of the many clubs in the city. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you. Joining a club is a great way to meet new people and have fun.

AMERICAN CLUB
No. 120-A, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

LONGSOMEY

Longsomey is a place where you can meet new people and have fun. It is a place where you can relax and enjoy yourself. The club has a bar, a pool table, and a comfortable seating area.

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money. Join one of the many clubs in the city. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you. Joining a club is a great way to meet new people and have fun.

WORLD - 200 - 200-CHANCE
P.O. Box 100, San Francisco, Calif. 94101

WEALTHY WOMEN!!!

Wealthy women are always looking for someone to join with. If you are a wealthy woman, you should contact the club directly. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you.

EARLY MARRIAGE?

Early marriage is a great way to meet new people and have fun. If you are interested in early marriage, you should contact the club directly. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you.

BOHANNON'S CLUB - 1800
No. 101 East Street, London, Kentucky 40301

ENGLISH GIRLS

English girls are always looking for someone to join with. If you are an English girl, you should contact the club directly. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you.

Heads Swedish, Lovely German GIRLS

Heads Swedish, lovely German girls are always looking for someone to join with. If you are a head, you should contact the club directly. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you.

"SILVER THUMB"
INTERNATIONAL CONTAINMENT SYSTEM
P.O. Box 100, San Francisco, Calif. 94101

Quit Dreaming, and Get on the Beam!

People who get things done are people who get on the beam. If you want to get on the beam, you should contact the club directly. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you.

BE LONELY NO MORE! OPEN DESTINY'S DOOR!

Be lonely no more. Open destiny's door. Join one of the many clubs in the city. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you. Joining a club is a great way to meet new people and have fun.

DESTINY LEAGUE is a place where you can meet new people and have fun. It is a place where you can relax and enjoy yourself. The club has a bar, a pool table, and a comfortable seating area.

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MASSACHUSETTS CATALOG

GOOD PHOTOS

Good photos are always in demand. If you are a photographer, you should contact the club directly. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you.

NEW LIST!

New list! Join one of the many clubs in the city. There are so many clubs to choose from that you are sure to find one that suits you. Joining a club is a great way to meet new people and have fun.

Long Beach, Calif. 90801

Golden State Club

Golden State Club is a place where you can meet new people and have fun. It is a place where you can relax and enjoy yourself. The club has a bar, a pool table, and a comfortable seating area.

REAL MEN

W

GIVE A DAMN: A GUN AND SHIRT A KILN. by Ray Martin
The standards of Gahaway were under lighters than France's famous Foreign Legion—and death-
their fate. page 14

THE CURSE OF THE JUNGLE TREASURE... by Michael DiGregorio
For centuries men had died trying to get the gold. Finding it was a rush, living long enough to enjoy it was impossible. page 31

WHY DID IT HAPPEN? *What went wrong? . . .* by John Halsewood
 But before you do that—get the story first page 33

[illegible]

HE MET HIS BANE IN A POOR GAME—AND LOST! by William Feakbody
It was the strongest stakes he had ever played for, but not back of Yare
and who was he to complain? page 20

"I WENT TO BED WITH A LIE—JUST TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE" — Jay Karas Did I always thought I was straight, until my husband had to go out a trip for a week page 34

100

SEX-HUNGRY WOMEN—WHERE TO FIND THEM..... by Anne Channing
It's so obvious you probably never even thought of it. But lucky for you
it's never too late to learn care.com

1999

BOOMERANG	12
MANI ALIVE	12
MIDNIGHT MAN	12

Abstract

MAPLE LEAF... **SHIRT THE CAPS**...

FEBRUARY 1971
VOLUME 2-6, NUMBER 2

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Editor

WILL JACKSON
Associate Editor
ALAN CORRY
Editorial Assistant

Art Director
KATHERINE JAMES
Asst. Art Director

PAMELA SANCHEZ
Art Director

JOHN PARKER
Art Director

MATTHEW P. FLORES
Correspondence: Mr.

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(Continued from page 32)

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smile. And Daniel Gault's voice: "I told you so! I saw 'em! How do you believe me?"

"Impossible," he replied, with the Lord. "And Gault thundered from a great distance.

"You guess I'll be the best," he said, grinning.

"No!" Gault roared out his words dramatically. "You'll be the best!" The words became more distinct. "The words in the devil's ear!" The man ran, he panted, he ran. But he would not look on me, on me! His mouth was a terrible "Pah!" (not on her body, Devil's eyes, then her hair, Daniel, long hair to the sky. The demons must be driven out.)

A great scolding whirlpool of darkness caught Scarlett, and Molly Rockwood's screams rang like a dying note down to the bottom of it. The last thing Scarlett heard was the thump thump of a whip on flesh.

He was unconscious only for a moment, but when he awoke there was a raw agony at the back of his head. He staggered up the creek steps and it seemed as if he hadn't been unconscious at all. Molly was still screaming. Abel Gault was screaming and the whip cracked with terrible regularity.

A low wraiths' grove came out of Scarlett's mouth. His body ached but he ran forward, reaching only his fingers and staggered through the space between rogues. What he saw was the sky, a white, blue for a moment and then turned his head with naked hate.

Molly Rockwood lay sprawled on the ground, whimpering, her head buried in the crook of her arm. Her white skin was covered with dirt and blood and long gaping wounds spilled redness out of her back and thighs and neck. She lay in her own pain and somehow Scarlett knew she was dying.

Abel Gault stood with the whip at his feet, his eyes burning fiercely. Daniel came to Scarlett, turned in a crouch, saw Scarlett was conscious and laughed. Muffled howls of laughter rose and weapons peered out of the rogues. Scarlett stood for a moment, panting, his face marked with blood and a wild look in his eyes.

"Now, by God..." (Daniel Gault said, softly, and smiled a 44 off his hip.

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Shamed by your English?

Dr. Richard W. Coon, University of Chicago
1500 University Avenue, Chicago, IL 60607
Dr. Richard W. Coon, University of Chicago
1500 University Avenue, Chicago, IL 60607

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate
if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you're ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, most of us will never go any further than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have seen countless numbers of really good men and women who are doing their best as they go on and on, but who never achieve the success that would express themselves fully and really.

What About You?

Could you get ahead better with a command of good English? And can yourself then succeed?

Even with all your study and confidence how long has it been since you had a promotion?

How much of your time is often wasted through your ignorance of words or of parties, or, you may also find time lost?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—half of you're limited through your inability to show that you have clearly taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English without going back to school. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, remove their weaknesses, and become successful, confident, and self-reliant in their own careers.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too. If you will give 15 minutes a day to the *Coon Institute Method* of mastering good English, my answer to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English and do something about getting ahead.

Question: "What is so important about my ability to speak and write?"

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You could improve your ability to speak and write and present an without a real command of good English.

Question: "What does a command of good English mean?"

Answer: It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of any shortcomings in making mistakes. It means you can write well, convey a great impression—also read clearly and understand what you read.

Question: "Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?"

Answer: Yes! Much was actually "spoke of thought." The more you know about words and how to use them in form and structure you show that leader your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: "Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?"

Answer: No, not my way. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right now—two hours a day—only a few minutes each day.

Question: "Is this something new?"

Answer: Coon Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Coon Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a confident vocabulary with clarity and wit, and describe the "business" of obtaining conversation.

Question: "Wouldn't I know a word?"

Answer: There are thousands of letters in the English language from people in all walks of life who have used the present Coon Institute Method to achieve success results. If you read in the pages below, I will show some of these letters with you.

Question: "How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate using your method?"

Answer: In most cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: "How can I find out more about the Coon Institute Method?"

Answer: I will gladly send you a free 10-page booklet which explains the new way to Master Coon Institute Method and will show you how quickly good English can quickly and accurately be learned. Send coupon card to: *Booklet Request*, Coon Institute, Dept. 100-08, 1500 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60607. No obligation and cost.

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If it is really about time for good books: ☐

TOM McCAHILL SAYS:

"A great toehold on success is learning to fix these things."

If you're wondering how to better a money bank account, I recommend a great way to work your way out of the Redlands. As my housekeeper will tell you, a washing machine that won't wash or a refrigerator that won't refrigerate is just as frustrating as meeting your mother-in-law at a stop point. What's worse, when it comes to fixing up a guy with the know-how to get things right, chances are you'll cool your heels for hours—over there—because good appliance repairmen in your neck of the woods have more business than they can handle.

With a couple of cheap appliances in every man's world, there just aren't enough well-trained repairmen to take care of the demand. These days, with everyone from Uncle Sam to women taking potting the lawn on you for financial help, people aren't about to throw out a broken washing machine or even a twenty-dollar toaster if it can be fixed for a few bucks. Yet, today's complicated appliances call for special know-how the average Joe can't acquire without training.

Fortunately, there is a quick and easy way for any ambitious man to get the training he needs and start making as little as \$1 an hour in his spare time, or even more than that repairing his own appliances. It's a grant, low-cost home study plan offered by the Appliance Division of National Radio Institute—one of the biggest, oldest and best-known schools in the field of home education.

The course shows you all about repairing a greater full of home appliances (including air conditioning and refrigeration equipment), as well as commercial appliances, small gas engines, power tools, even special appliances used on farms. The cost of training is amazingly low. Two spare time automatic washer repair jobs could just about pay the total tuition.

And the way NRI trains you, you don't need the memory of an elephant to handle the different kinds of jobs you'll be faced with as a repairman. You don't even need to know the first thing about electricity or appliances when you begin your training. NRI's expert at home methods and the constant, on-job, personal help of its large staff make this one of the easiest and most rewarding fields a guy can enter.



If you think you'd like to find out more about a field that's hotter than the handle of a thirty cent, all it takes is a postage stamp. Fill out the coupon below and NRI will send you its free Appliance Repair catalog. Read about the training that can give you a sure toehold on success. Through spare time earnings or a full-time business of your own, air conditioning or the rest of the course by showing you how to repair your own appliances. No salesman is going to bother you. NRI doesn't employ them. There is no obligation—except to yourself.

Tom McCahill

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☐ know more about

☐ your curriculum

☐ cost of

☐ training



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 - **IBM Self-Managed Maintenance (SMM) Advanced:** A service that provides a range of maintenance services, including preventive maintenance, corrective maintenance, and emergency maintenance. SMM Advanced is designed to help you reduce your maintenance costs by providing a range of services that can be tailored to your specific needs.
- For more information on IBM's self-managed maintenance services, please contact your IBM representative or visit the IBM website at www.ibm.com/self-managed-maintenance.

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"Get out of there!" I came running. "My God, man, they wouldn't let me!" They instantly held a discussion, similar to the one which I was having, guests to play. Well, you can find out how that is, much, much.

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In the end, we worked out a plan by which I could try things but a few days without getting myself too involved. It had some moments of danger, when I discovered that women can be terribly passionate and just an attachment to make they will fight with every weapon, open and underhanded, to keep their girls. But Louise would introduce me to a friend from out of town who was looking for a substitute to keep her happy during a short visit to the city. In the end, I'd had some town and they, quietly, almost unobtrusively, agreed.

The arrangements were made that day, and the next evening I moved in with my new "lover" for my big experiment. Once again I was surprised. I'd pictured the man typical to be the kind, sophisticated, steady and square (at least) but now I was alone in the room. My new partner was everything but that kind. In fact, he looked at me, neither I, nor anyone else could possibly picture her in her chosen life role. I'm not saying that she was different to her last and truly dresses, but she was definitely all woman and looked it. Her dress was tight and womanly her hair was brushed with only one pass in the street, and her figure, full and curved wasn't hideously treated in any way.

She laughed when I told her how different she was to what I'd imagined. "I don't know how they believe in your basic love," she said.

But here it's different. One has to make a living and that's difficult if people don't think you're just what you appear to be. Besides, I'm proud to be a woman. I wouldn't be anything else. I like me and everything about me."

But talk and behavior are two different things. As the days went on, I discovered that only two things, sex and money. A woman's love can be made and broken, but for certain satisfaction a female must take an certain male attitude to complete. And satisfaction, no matter how clever, how sophisticated and how successful, cannot complete with the real thing. She told me very much. If I couldn't tell her how to be a woman, she would tell me. I must admit that I wasn't, but I certainly didn't be with an experienced woman. She was a beautiful, beautiful man. But compared to my husband this was only a second-rate man.

For what it was, something better than what she was better than any man. By knowing exactly how I felt, I felt, I felt, by understanding my body and desires, having lived through my emotions, she was able to tell me, but she was able to tell me of women that I could never have imagined. And I must say too, that all my needs and frustrations were taken completely.

STILL, AT THE end of three days I knew what my husband was going to be. Not much as I enjoyed myself happy as I had been, I wasn't at all content a man's love for me from the fact that a woman could give this.

I explained it all to Louise, on the afternoon on which I was to "leave town" and go home again.

She shook her head in wonderment. I don't honestly believe that she had ever been so beautiful. I could now have gone back in my own. For do I think that she truly understood my reasons?

"If you're ever had a man, a real man," I told her. "You'd know what I was talking about. But you just can't begin to imagine it, can you?"

"No," she said. "The only. And really, I don't want to. But you have been able to give you the best of that. You're still my favorite woman. And if that's what you want, more power to you. I hope that you're as happy as you deserve to be."

So I went home. And when my husband returned to me, I knew in a matter of minutes that I'd made absolutely the right decision. More than anything else, he's what I want in life. And during our time together, when we're looking in an eye back of me, I'm even more convinced. As a lover, he's top of the line.

My husband still takes his husband trips. And when he does, that feeling of surprise, loneliness and need never goes away again. But when it does, I take the feeling, not the converted way out. There's nothing like a busy day's work driving the house from one side to the other, or keeping myself in the kitchen to take my mind off my problems.

I made one big mistake with my life and that's worse than enough. I was lucky to be able to get out of what might really have become a complex and difficult situation. I might not be that lucky a second time.

Louise, to give you the full, is a good friend and confident teacher. She's still my mentor and friend. I believe that man. However, unfortunately she is too old to be her ways to ever really change and look of us together that. But now when she comes to visit me, I never question her, in fact we never even approach any mention of sex in any way.

I tried the old best ways of love and they didn't work. I'm happy I had the experience, it only because it proved to me how thoroughly I need a man and a man's kind of love and total love. A husband is the only solution that works, honestly and for all time.

After my few days of trying the other, I can honestly and thoroughly say, "Never Again!"

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As a DURACLEAN Dealer you are the sole owner of an independent business and your own boss. You keep all the net profits for yourself. However, the franchise we supply gives you instant recognition in your area. You operate under a nationally known name—use an exclusive process recommended by the nation's biggest carpet manufacturers and commended by Parents Magazine. You get thorough training BEFORE YOU BEGIN and, as you progress, you receive guidance and help from Duraclean International.

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of service you do personally! If you hire service men at \$3.00 an hour to help you, you can have \$6.00 for yourself for each hour of service they perform. (See the column at right for actual statements from other men who have accepted the Duraclean opportunity.)

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"In our first calendar year we did a gross of \$40,000. Without constant help from the Duraclean home office such growth would not have been possible." **M. L., Illinois**

"Duraclean brought security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as \$3000 on a single job." **B. B., Mass.**

"Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as \$1300.00 in a single week." **J.S., Fla.**

"My biggest day was a society house that brought me \$260.00." **H. B., Texas**

THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE LETTERS IN OUR FILES FROM MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE FOUND SUCCESS AS DURACLEAN DEALERS. IN ANOTHER YEAR YOUR STATEMENT COULD BE HERE, TOO!

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SCOREBOARD

WINNING PARTY

In Middletown, Connecticut, a new election was ordered by the state labor relations board after the local union protested that just before the election, the firm gave a whopping beer party for all employees.

CAUTION COPS

In Grand Junction, Colorado, a stolen new police car drove into a municipal parking lot on a routine assignment. They slowly cruised around as the driver checked the left side and his companion checked the right. They crashed head-on into a telephone pole.

RETURN STAMP

In Indianapolis, holdup man Kenneth Burville, 31, was easily captured after he stole \$100, a wristwatch and a ring from a druggist. He ordered a passing motorist to drive down Ball-Fortune Street, and remarked as he jumped out of the car, "I live down here, at 1222."

TOO APPRENT

In Waukegan, Ontario, after the town council kicked out the Chief of Police, Mayor Albert Bell revealed that the chief had charged one council member with supplying liquor to minors, and had beaten another member for violating a dog by-law. Mayor Bell, in explaining the council's action, stated, "The council feels the chief has shown lack of cooperation."

PLANE ANGLE

In San Francisco, three teen-age boys confessed to FBI agents that they had phoned a news hour postponing a South American-bound Pan American plane for three hours, because they wanted more time to bid tender farewell to a blonde, vacationing girl passenger.

WITHOUT ERROR

In the Bronx, New York, after bookkeeper Sylvia Youngerman went to a bank for a \$5,000 payroll and to a restaurant for an order-up, a thief confronted her, snatched a sack out of her hands--and fled with the contents of coffee.

RE-ANCHOR ANCHORSMAN

In Brisbane, Australia, customs men pruned an article of a book called "To See Or Murderers," only to discover that it was the memoirs of an English editor whose paper went to prison on Thursday nights.

RAJ STOP

In Bangorville, Connecticut, the police, mounting a long line of booking material, found Samuel Perry, 33, at the head of it. He was halted at a stop sign, fast asleep and oblivious to everything around him.

STAMPED OUT

In Katsura Village, Japan, local postmaster Seigaku Higashimura, 35, short of government funds and faced with a visit by inspectors, burned down the post office.



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LEAF**





Marie Cognat is a young lovely from Toronto who has a real problem—she hates hockey! And in Canada, that's a serious crime!

